

# THE BELDING BANNER-NEWS

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Long May It Wave

MURPHY M. ENGEMANN  
CORP. FRANCIS J. KACIN  
CORP. CLARENCE C. BAILEY

"Let us then stand by the constitution as it  
is, and by the law as it is, and let us  
not let it be a trap set for our  
hearts; let it be a shield for our  
selves, let it be a sword for our  
country, one constitution, one destiny."  
—James Watson

THE CHRISTMAS OF 1918.

The Christmas celebration of 1918  
will not be quite the ordinary one of  
cheerful but superficial  
merriment. There are many, many  
homes where there will be an empty  
chair for the boy who lies under the  
soil of France. In millions of others  
the boy is separated by thousands of  
miles of distance. The broken circle  
can not have quite the unbroken joy  
of ordinary days.

But it is a Christmas that should  
run deep into our lives. It will seem  
more like the first Christmas of all.  
Then as now war had been ruling the  
earth. Doubt, sorrow, tyranny  
sat on their thrones and made cruel  
war. The Christ was looked up to  
as the one to bring peace. No other  
blessing was quite so much desired.

So for the past years we have longed  
for peace with the deepest yearning  
of the heart. Now it has come  
and the spirit of Christ has again  
triumphed over the forces of wrong.  
Its silent influence has proved more  
powerful than the worst engines of  
war that the malice of man could  
produce. It has overthrown the one  
greatest power of military force  
the world ever knew or created.

It has urged men to fight on with  
wrong and injustice were pulled  
down from their high seats of power  
and humbled in the dust. So let us  
gather about our friends with a  
deep thankfulness that the longings  
of our hearts have been fulfilled.

Let us not forget the homes that  
are empty and lonely, and only those  
and who robbed homes in our own  
city but the many throughout the  
nation where hearts ache every time  
the vacant chair reminds those who  
are left to mourn that the voice of  
one they loved is forever stilled. It  
is in these homes that the horrors of  
war are the more keenly felt. Let  
no one be lonely on this Christmas  
day. We must make it a time  
of joy for the children, so that they  
shall remember it as the greatest  
day of the whole year.

Yes, let our Christmas day of 1918  
be one of love and generosity, the  
open house, the reunion of families,  
the extending of the hand of wel-  
come and brotherly love and above  
all, relief to the friendless and des-  
titute—in fact a Merry Christmas  
to all and for all.

We hereby give notice to our ad-  
miring friends that if any of them  
dare to give us a Christmas present  
with brass clasps and tooled leather  
cover, that the same has already been  
promised in advance to our favorite  
junk man, Ort Webster.

A friend inquires what shall be  
done with the enormous amount of  
surgical dressings that has been ac-  
cumulated? Well, the peace confer-  
ence at present outlook may need a  
few.

## LEGAL NOTICES

### ORDER FOR PUBLICATION

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate  
Court for the County of Ionia.

At a session of said court held at  
the Probate office in the city of Ionia,  
in said county on the twenty-seventh  
day of November, A. D. 1918.

Present: Hon. Montgomery Web-  
ster, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Mel-  
vin A. Chapman, Deceased.

Elma L. Chapman, widow and bene-  
ficiary of said deceased, having filed  
in said court her petition praying that  
a certain instrument in writing, pur-  
porting to be the last will and testa-  
ment of said deceased, now on file in  
said court be admitted to probate and  
that the administration of said es-  
tate be granted to Elma L. Chapman,  
the executrix named in said will or to  
some other suitable person.

It is ordered, That the thirtieth day  
of December, A. D. 1918, at ten  
o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate  
office, be and is hereby appointed for  
hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, That public  
notice thereof be given by publication  
of a copy of this order for three suc-  
cessive weeks previous to said day of  
hearing in the Belding Banner-News,  
a newspaper printed and circulated  
in said county.

Montgomery Webster,  
Judge of Probate.

A true copy. Judge of Probate.  
Anna P. Webster,  
Register of Probate. Dec. 4-18

## FUNNYGRAPHS

### FOLKS WE ALL KNOW



When they erect a Statue to "Fath-  
er," it will look like this. Father  
sometimes lacks style, but when it  
comes to providing for Ma and the  
Kids, he is there and over. A song-  
writer once wrote of a family where  
"Everybody Works But Father," which  
was so unusual that the song became  
famous.

It's a mighty good thing that we  
decided on a strict censorship of all  
letters written by the force on this  
subject. It would have been a most  
splendid recommendation  
written by the Linotype man would  
have gotten through the lines and let  
the outside world on to what kind of  
a slave driver we are. We got it  
just as the writer was putting on a  
3 cent stamp and getting ready to  
send the unholy message away.

December the threteenth.  
Friend Hub:

If you could see your way to shift  
the responsibility of letting Ole  
Man Daniels and some of the lesser  
lights run that boat crew down there

at the Belding Banner-News, it would  
be a grand help to me, as your big  
brother Ed is chasing us tagged here,  
sitting up nights getting up funny  
stuff to make the natives mad, etc.,  
and we are getting kinda peeved and  
I've got to go away for a week or so  
or Ole Ben Friedly may have work to  
do. Your brother is the most dis-  
comfating fellow I have ever worked  
for. I guess he'd give you anything  
he had except his wife and kids, nev-  
ertheless if you can take some of this  
work off his shoulders we might get  
on better. And say he has the office  
girl and office cat and office devil all  
skart so they turn red when he speaks  
so for the good of the future of the  
ole Belding Banner-News see if you  
can't get ole man Truman H. or Ad-  
miral Sims to sub for you down there  
and come home.

As ever,  
E. W.

About the only thing that has hap-  
pened around these diggers in late  
years and which we have not been  
blamed for is the present flu epidemic.

Come on up here little column and  
sit up on father's knee while he  
brushes the dust off from your shoul-  
ders and tells the folks where he has  
been for a long time past. In the  
first place we want to say that we've  
just returned from a wonderful trip,  
which our friend, Fried, Keister of  
"The Single Top Trail" sent us on  
last summer just after we returned  
from Lansing, where we had been  
shoving our feet under the tables of  
an hospitable host with the promptest  
regularity ever shown by any hungry  
person. This article responsible for  
the wonderful trip which we are going  
to tell about was as follows: "Ed  
Engemann, editor of the Belding Ban-  
ner-News, went down to Lansing the  
other day to spend a little outing with  
his fellow publishers at the M. A. C.  
Among other stunts they pulled off  
an egg race—an uptown millionaire  
furnishing the eggs. The game is to  
pick up a certain number of eggs,  
one at a time and place them in a dis-  
tant basket, unbroken, the first to  
finish the task being declared the win-  
ner. Ed took part and while he did  
not win the race we can't say that he  
done so very bad after all—he showed  
us a dozen and a half he'd stored in  
the back part of his black alpaca af-  
ter the thing was over." There, that  
article first appeared in the Pawamo  
News, then it shot over to Lansing,  
where the State Journal held it up to  
its readers as a news item. We next  
travelled to Chicago, where we went  
through the offices of the Daily News,  
The Boston Herald, New York Tri-

bune, The Staats-Zietung, Philadel-  
phia Public Ledger, Cincinnati Em-  
quirer, The Toledo Blade, Louisville  
Courier-Journal, the Conshohocken  
(Pa.) Recorder, the Bedford (Ia.)  
Free Press and hundreds of other pa-  
pers all over the states took us  
through their territory and believe  
me, we've seen some country since we  
last appeared here and we're glad to  
get back. The beauty of it is that  
the fare didn't cost us anything and  
although we've lost a lot of time on  
the trip which Keister sent us, we  
are not going to charge him for any  
of it, because we had a good time.

We don't like to tell any family af-  
fairs, but Al Fristoe, of the firm of  
Fristoe & Divine is so addicted to  
force of habit that we've just simply  
got to spill the following. Recently  
he and his good wife were invited  
out for the evening. On leaving the  
house, Mrs. Fristoe saw that the tie  
which Al had on was of a pattern  
which she disliked and as they were  
still near home she asked him to turn  
back and put on another tie. Al  
agreed to do so and returned into the  
house. The Mrs. standing outside the  
house, saw the light turned on in the  
room and waited for her life partner  
to make his appearance in the street.  
Finally after waiting for about 15  
minutes, she went back into the house  
and upon entering the room, she saw  
Mr. Fristoe, clad in his nightgown,  
trawling into bed. You see when Al took  
off that objectionable tie, force of  
habit was so strong with him that he  
just kept on undressing and got ready  
for bed.

A certain young man in the south  
end of the city refuses to do any men-  
tal work around the homestead unless  
the keeper of the family treasury first  
agrees to pay and usually pays over  
in advance, some financial considera-  
tion for the work performed. Well,  
well, about the only comment which  
we can make on a situation similar  
to the above is that were we his father  
we'd charge that fellow so much for  
board that his great-great-grandchild-  
ren's third cousins would still be  
owing us for his board when they  
died.

We very much regret the disaster  
which overtook three of our delin-  
quent subscribers. One of them  
said that he would pay us Saturday  
night if he lived—he died the next  
day. Another said he would pay this  
week or go to h— and he's gone  
somewhere. The last one pulled this  
on us, "I'll see you tomorrow" and  
we later on learned that he was blind.

A negro who was arrested in Jack-  
son a few days ago for having park-  
ed his car on the wrong side of the  
street was asked by the justice of the  
peace if he would like to serve a sen-  
tence of 30 days in the county jail.  
"Go as far as you like, judge," he  
replied. "Ah'n driver for the war-  
den at the state prison and am serving  
life now, and 30 days moah don't  
make much difference."

A dog belonging to a man in the  
west part of town recently ate up  
seven thrift stamps. The owner of  
the canine asserts that the dawg is a  
true patriot and that he ate the  
stamps more because Uncle Sam  
needed the money than for the glue  
that was on the back of them.

Running this sheet isn't hard, I  
know, but some times just merely  
thinking of what I'll have to dish up  
for mental food for the subscribers  
next week nearly drives me crazy,  
but still, even at that, it's far better  
than chasing cooties.

Funnygraphs emphatically don't  
think that the Germans will not be per-  
mitted at the Peace table conference as  
after the allies have made up their  
minds, the Hun delegates can come in  
and listen just as long as they  
want to.

The following is the poem sent by  
Orville Kieck to his mother:

Mother,  
(By J. W.)

Dear mother, when I read each tender  
verse,  
Each throbbing line of love you  
write to me,  
My heart grows sad, and oft I count  
the days  
Until at last I shall sail o'er the sea  
Back, back to you and home and all I  
love.  
And once I cursed the fate that  
placed me here.  
But, lo I caught a vision from above,  
That steeled my heart with patience  
mother dear,  
Before my thoughts were dark with  
fancied wrongs,  
Of plans miscarried and of work  
undone.  
I heard faint echoes of the old home  
songs,  
And glimpsed your loving faces,  
one by one.  
I knew your troubles—that I could  
not ease—  
I suffered at the worry in you  
heart.  
I longed to rest my head upon your  
knees  
And feel my bitter loneliness depart.

To me the war had brought out bitter-  
ness,  
Brought discipline—that cut me to  
the raw—  
And acts unjust that promised no re-  
dress—  
Beneath the changeless military  
law.  
All through the days I heard the hom-  
ing-call:  
I saw your pleading eyes and heard  
your voice.  
I prayed to come, I prayed to cheer  
you all  
And in reunion let our hearts re-  
-joice.  
All useless seemed the changeless  
game we played  
Of endless labor, unremitting drill.  
It seemed 'twould be far better had  
I stayed—  
At home with you, who love and  
need me still.

And then I caught a vision from the  
skies  
Of why we fight and suffer and are  
-sore!  
I saw the reason for our sacrifice,  
And, seeing, let my heart grow  
strong and glad:  
That I was in the ranks to fight and  
die,  
If need be, for the millions yet un-  
-born!

I saw the Belgian women as they lie,  
The spoils of Hunnish lust, undone  
and torn!  
Their children lifting mutilated arms  
And babies caught upon the bayo-  
-net!  
Their aged mothers, slaving on the  
farms  
To feed the German hordes uncon-  
-quered yet!  
I saw the helpless sinking in the  
waves,  
While German sailors laughed to  
see them die;  
I saw a row of new-made baby graves  
And distant aircraft sinking in the  
sky;

I saw the towns of desolated France,  
The fruiting trees destroyed in  
senseless hate!  
Oh, mother, these I saw as in a trance,  
And others that my lips dare not  
relate!  
Oh, think if we had lived in Belgium  
then!  
If France had been our home! Oh,  
God on High,  
To picture You the toy of brutish men,  
Our home destroyed, my loved ones  
left to die!

I see—I see at last—the reason why  
We must forget the little things of  
life  
And dry our tears and stifle every cry  
Whatever pain may issue from the

strife!  
Why we must battle on, with ne'er a  
thought  
But Victory, nor stop to count the  
-cost,  
Until a sweeter Liberty is wrought  
From out the old, which was so  
nearly lost!

My mother, cheer your heart and dry  
your tears,  
For afterwards, God willing, I'll re-  
-turn.  
We sacrifice today, that, though the  
years,  
We may enjoy the peace for which  
we yearn.  
Forget all cares, forget all minor  
things;  
Today we labor and tomorrow rest;  
We fight for every mother as she  
sings  
Her babe to sleep upon her throbb-  
-ing breast!

We battle for the Womanhood of  
Earth,  
For Liberty, for Honor and for  
-Right!  
Be proud, oh, mother dear, that you  
gave birth  
To one who lived to enter such a  
fight!

Additional Locals

Mrs. Mary Gray was in Lowell Wed-  
nesday morning.

Silk Sox—Rumblers, Bridge, St.  
Mr. G. Gals spent Wednesday in  
Smyrna.

Dr. Russell, of Harden, Montana,  
returned home Wednesday morning  
after having been a guest at the home  
of Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Garvey left  
Tuesday for Grant where they will  
spend a few days with relatives and  
friends.

Christmas Sox—Rumblers, Bridge  
Street.

The Turks deny that they are living  
in Idleness, as they can always take  
hold and measure a few thousand  
more Armenians when there isn't  
anything else to do.

People who claim that American  
oratory is declining may be able to  
prove it in the United States Senate,  
but they should listen to protective  
candidate for the State Legislature  
addressing the Victory dinners.

Some people are opposed to cut-  
ting down your Christmas tree. But  
anyway those  
that are cut and sold now aren't go-  
ing to be burned up by careless camp-  
ers 40 years from now.

## HOW TO HAVE MONEY

## JOIN OUR NEW

# CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

is what you  
will have  
next Christmas  
if you join our  
**CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB**  
**NOW with 5¢**

## MAKES IT EASY TO HAVE MONEY

By having many clubs in our Christmas Banking Club  
we make it easy for everyone to join. There is a club that  
will fit your ability to pay—and when you keep up your pay-  
ments regularly, you really "Have Money" in Fifty Weeks.

Look at the table below!

Which club can you join? Then come to our bank with  
the first payment. We will make you a member of the club  
and give you a bank book showing the Club you joined.

You can pay as many weeks in advance as you wish.

Have you ever said to yourself: "If I only had money  
Now?" Well, here is the easy way and the sure way to get  
it.

## JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

Will start you in our  
**Christmas Banking Club**  
next Xmas you get  
**\$375 or \$12750**

### How to Join

It is easy. ALL YOU NEED TO DO is bring in 1c, 2c, 5c, or 10c, 50c, \$1.00, \$5.00, or any  
amount. That's ALL you do. WE DO THE REST. There are no dues to pay.

### Who Can Join

Everyone can join and everybody SHOULD JOIN. Men, Women, Boys, Girls, Little child-  
ren and the Baby. Our Christmas Banking Club is for ALL.

## WHAT THE DIFFERENT CLUBS WILL PAY YOU

1c CLUB	2c CLUB	5c CLUB	10c CLUB	50c CLUB	\$1.00 CLUB	\$5.00 CLUB	SPECIAL CLUB
PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	
1st Week... 1c	1st Week... 2c	1st Week... 5c	1st Week... 10c	1st Week... 50c	1st Week... \$1.00	1st Week... \$5.00	
2nd Week... 2c	2nd Week... 4c	2nd Week... 10c	2nd Week... 20c	2nd Week... 50c	2nd Week... \$1.00	2nd Week... \$5.00	
3rd Week... 3c	3rd Week... 6c	3rd Week... 15c	3rd Week... 30c	3rd Week... 50c	3rd Week... \$1.00	3rd Week... \$5.00	
Increase Every Week by 1c	Increase Every Week by 2c	Increase Every Week by 5c	Increase Every Week by 10c	Deposit 50c Every Week	Deposit \$1.00 Every Week	Deposit \$5.00 Every Week	
Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	Total in 50 Weeks	
<b>\$12.75</b>	<b>\$25.50</b>	<b>\$63.75</b>	<b>\$127.50</b>	<b>\$25.00</b>	<b>\$50.00</b>	<b>\$250.00</b>	<b>Any Amount</b>

YOU CAN BEGIN WITH THE LARGEST PAYMENT FIRST AND DECREASE YOUR PAYMENTS EACH WEEK

You'll Never Miss the Money!

It is no hardship for you and the children to bank more nickles and dimes, often foolishly  
spent and they soon grow into dollars—and dollars grow into a fortune.  
Time goes fast and in Fifty weeks you really Have money.  
Our Christmas Banking Club is the best way to accumulate money for Bonds, Certificates,  
Taxes, Insurance, Etc.

YOU WILL RECEIVE 3 PER CENT INTEREST

# BELDING SAVINGS BANK

## Why We Have Our Christmas Banking Club

We put this Club into our Bank to educate the people to help themselves; by giving them a  
plan by which they can bank a little every week or every month and acquire money.  
To make "Savers" out of our Men, Women and Children, instead of "Spenders."  
To show them that our Bank's safety and service is for ALL of the people.